
Living Springs

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Living Springs

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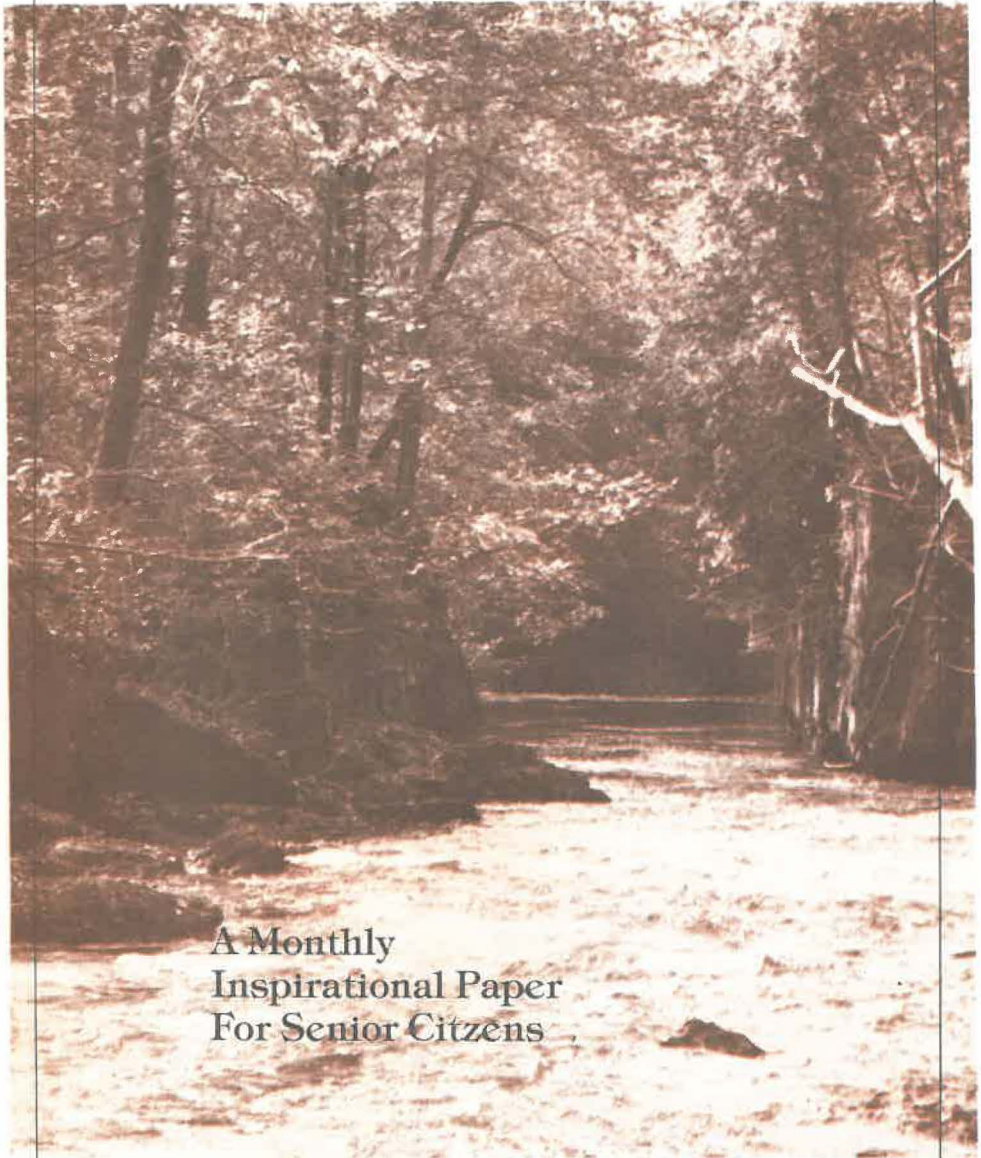
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A Monthly
Inspirational Paper
For Senior Citizens

OCTOBER 1982

"Forgiving One Another"

A man is as big as the things that annoy him."

If that's true, then on occasion we surely feel like pigmies! Isn't it true that we can "blow our tops" over trivial incidents?

Thus, someone who boasts that he always "speaks his mind" frequently means that he doesn't control his bad temper. And his explosive response may betray a small man.

Determine today that you're not going to prove you're small. Or to put it bluntly, grow up!

When Leonardo da Vinci was putting on canvas his great masterpiece which the world knows today as "The Last Supper," he became quite angry with a certain man. He lashed him with hot and bitter words and threatened the man with vengeance.

When the great painter returned to his canvas and began to paint the face of Jesus, he found that he could not compose himself for the delicate work before him, and not until he had sought out the man and asked his forgiveness did he find himself in possession of that inner calm which enabled him to give to the Master's face the tender and delicate expression he so well knew it must have.

"Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering: Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness" (Col. 3:12-14).

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the

unjust" (Matt. 5:44-45).

"Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth. Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me; I will render to the man according to his work" (Prov. 24: 17,29).

"And labour, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it: Being defamed, we intreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day" (I Cor. 4:12-13).

"Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise, blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing" (I Peter 3:9).

"And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Ephesians 4:32).

When we consider how much Christ has forgiven us, we should be willing to forgive those who have wronged us. We can do this only as Christ lives in us and enables us. To be forgiving is to be Christlike. It is difficult to look into His face in prayer if we come with an unforgiving heart.



Dr. James T. Jeremiah

REFLECTIONS of FAITH

compiled by
Reda Moore

For Me

Anonymous

*Amazing word!... 'He gave Himself for me',
For me - rebellious, sinful, guilty me,
For me the Savior bore the cross and shame.
Rejoice, my soul, and bless His sacred Name.*

*For me He left His glorious throne above,
For me revealed His Father's wondrous love,
For me He tabernacles here below,
For me He drank the bitter cup of woe.*

*For me He was reviled, despised, betrayed.
For me was scourged, condemned, and crucified,
For me He hung accursed on the tree,
For lost, wretched, vile, unworthy me.*

*For me in agony He groaned and died,
For me God's righteous law He satisfied,
For me complete atonement He has made,
For me He rose triumphant from the grave.*

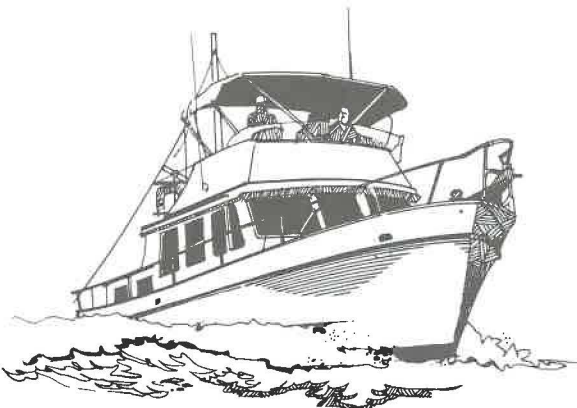
Captain of the Ship

The first days of the sea voyage had been calm. The warm rays of the sun smiled down upon the placid ripples of a peaceful ocean, and at night the soft moon touched the limpid waters with shimmering silver. On board the great transatlantic liner the passengers relaxed and enjoyed life as only those experiencing an ocean voyage do. All was calm, peaceful and serene.

And then, with little warning, a storm struck; the calm sea was transformed into a raging maelstrom; the wind howled and hissed; the great ship tossed about in the merciless sea as though it had been a plaything. Upon every hand the screaming winds of the tempest lashed with fury, churning the ocean into foam and striking terror into the hearts of passengers aboard the liner. Cowering in their staterooms, fearsomely and nervous, they were afraid of the peril that surrounded them, for they were so helpless in the merciless hand of the howling storm.

ALL BUT ONE.

In a sheltered recess of the deck which afforded protection from the fury of the storm, a little boy was playing with calm concentration as though unaware that a tempest was battering the ship.



Passengers, gazing out through the portholes of their staterooms, feared for the safety of the little boy, and at length one passenger, deeply concerned, called to the lad above the sound of the howling winds: "Son, aren't you afraid of the storm? Don't you think you should come inside the ship?"

Looking up momentarily, and smiling, the boy replied "Oh no sir, I'm not afraid. You see, my father is the captain."

As I read this account, three similar incidents from the Bible came readily to mind. Of course the Jonah story is familiar to young and old alike. Jonah, though running from the Lord, slept peacefully in a storm-tossed ship until awakened by a frightened captain.

Matthew 8:23-27 recounts the time Jesus and His disciples went into a ship and a great storm came. The waves were so large that they covered the ship, yet the Lord slept. The disciples awoke Him for they were fearful that they might 'perish'. The Lord rebuked the waves and wind and "there was a great calm."

Then, finally, once the disciples were in the ship crossing to the other side of the sea, as the Lord had told them, when they were caught in another bad storm. Not only the storm bothered them, but when they saw Him walking on the waters, they thought it was a spirit and probably panicked. Once again Jesus calmed their troubled minds.

Few of us this month will be caught in a ship on a raging sea, but few of us will not face some other frightening or bothering obstacle in our lives. Isaiah 41:10 says, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God..." Psalm 56:3 reassures, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."

If we have accepted Jesus Christ as our own personal Savior, though storms may batter all around, we can rest calm and secure in His mighty arms.

Lucinda Woodard

A Fruit-Full Thought

Lord, let me learn from this old tree, that there is dignity in loneliness, beauty in broken branches, strength in twisted, storm-beaten torso.

Help me to see that underneath, if roots go deep enough, no storms can wreck the life that from them reaches the sky.

Help me to remember the important thing-to stand where God has placed me.

Sue C. Boynton

Is there anything as majestic and beautiful as a big old tree, that has withstood years and years of weathering? If I were a sapling and had my choice of places to be planted, I would pick a spot close enough to an old tree that I might watch it grow and weather the storms and winds that would come.

Senior Citizens, how about us? Do we realize that there is a special dignity, beauty, strength, and grace seen in us because of our years? Like the old tree, if our roots have been placed deep in God's Word, as we have matured, our lives should be seen as more and more beautiful each year. The beauty of God manifest through us will outshine any wrinkles or twisted frames, similar to the strength and majesty of an old tree showing above its twisted, rough branches.

In a very special way, God has used the aging process to show His power and ability to provide for each need we have day by day and year after year.

L. W.

Although Pauline Dulaney cannot attend church as regularly as she would like, or participate in many church activities, she faithfully serves the Lord in her own special ministry.

Mrs. Dulaney lived in the hills of West Virginia thirty-one years ago when her nine-year-old son, Jerry became ill. For almost a year he complained of headaches. One day, after falling and hitting his head during a ball game, he stumbled all the way home from school, and was admitted to the hospital. Jerry was in a semi-comatose state and doctors performed many tests for polio, hepatitis, and even operated to determine if Jerry had a blood clot on the brain.

For three months the tests continued with no insight into the cause of Jerry's condition. During this period of time, Mrs. Dulaney kept a constant vigil at her son's bedside, returning home periodically to check on her other children. When Jerry's condition continued to worsen, and still no diagnosis could be made, the doctors could tell the boy would die. They suggested that Mrs. Dulaney take Jerry home to spend some time with his family, since they only gave him a week or so to survive.

Mrs. Dulaney gladly took Jerry home; however, she refused to give up hope on her son. He could not sit up, eat, talk, or move any part of his body by himself. Although his tiny

Servants

loore

body was contorted by crippling disease and as stiff as a corpse, Mrs. Dulaney did not believe her son must die.

Through her love for her son, Mrs. Dulaney found a way to handle and cope with the problems that threatened Jerry's life. By mashing or straining his food, Mrs. Dulaney would spoon feed Jerry through the small opening between his stiff jaws. Although he could not talk, Mrs. Dulaney communicated with and understood Jerry by the movement of his eyes in response to her questions. After many painstaking hours for both Jerry and herself of rubbing and exercising his still limbs, Mrs. Dulaney finally loosened up Jerry's body enough that he could be strapped upright in a wheelchair. They were finally making progress!

Today, thirty-one years later, Jerry is still alive and living a contented life, thanks to his mother's determination. Jerry is still crippled and must be exercised, bathed, clothed, fed, and cared for every day, but he is happy to be alive. During the day, Jerry enjoys sitting in his wheelchair watching television, or being outside on the porch enjoying the country air.

Both Mrs. Dulaney and Jerry have a strong faith in God and believe that it was only with God's help that they made it through the years. I have a deep respect and love for both of these tremendous people—they are my Grandmother and Uncle.

Looking at God's Creation

by

Carlene Terlouw

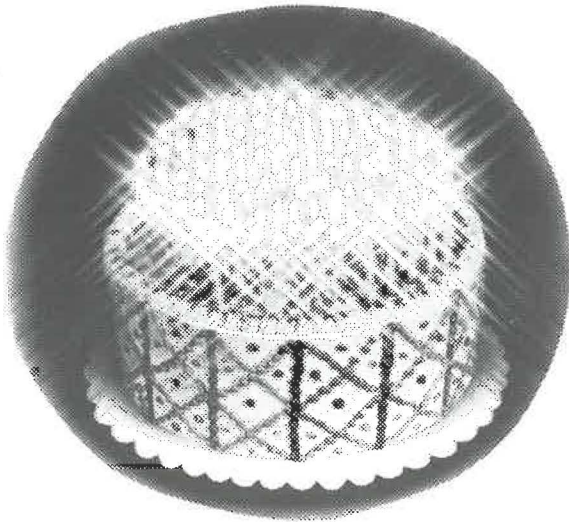
Farming is the most important occupation in the world because we all need food and the industrial materials that come from plants and animals. Fall is a busy time for farmers as they harvest their crops.

Wheat is the world's most important grain crop. Wheat kernels are ground into flour to make bread and other products such as breakfast goods, macaroni products, and animal feed. When it is young it looks like grass, but turns golden-brown, dry and hard when it is ready to harvest.

Harvesting should be a major occupation of Christians. John 4:35 says, "Behold I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." and John 10:25 says, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."

Our harvest is the world of lost souls. In this day and age people everywhere are ready to hear the salvation message. Many have been seeking for purpose, meaning, and direction in their lives. They have tried to find it in material things, but find only temporal happiness.

The wheat fields and our working field both have enemies and obstacles. Smut spores and rust start out in small amounts, but soon spread and infect a major part of the crop. Insects also work to cause destruction and weeds choke the crop, stealing its food and nourishment. There are many sins and tools of Satan in the world today that are obstacles to our witnessing. We must remember, though, that the power of God is greater than the powers of this world. So let's go out and harvest God's crop today.



A Birthday Prayer

Lord, thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will some day be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains, but help me to endure them with patience.

I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a Saint—some of them are so hard to live with—but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. And give me, Lord, the grace to tell them so. AMEN.

Anon

Forgiveness

by

Greg Malone

Too often we hand folks over to God's mercy and show none ourselves.

George Elliott

A Christian will find it cheaper to pardon than to resent. Forgiveness saves the expense of anger, the cost of hatred, and the waste of spirits.

Hannah More

A Soft Answer

by Marla Waddle

This month's soft answer... "Love Covers All"

When we stop to consider the abstract concept of forgiveness, we ought to focus our attention on the concept underlying forgiveness, which we would recognize as being love. An apt interpretation of the love chapter of I Corinthians indicates that love does not remember the wrongs done to it. This is the most beautiful explanation of forgiveness that I've ever found. It suggests that not only will we say that we'll not harbor any bad feelings toward an offender, but we'll go a step farther and totally erase the hurtful incident from our memory if we genuinely love the one who has done us wrong. That's what true forgiveness is all about. It would be impossible then, to speak of forgiveness without coupling it with love. Proverbs 10:12 suggests that, "Hatred stirreth up strifes, but love covereth all sins." Covered, buried, forgotten—they all mean forgiveness—anything that removes those sore spots from our lives completely and permanently. But it can never be done until we learn to love others. So, the next time you discover that you're having difficulty forgiving someone for some reason, do not spend hours searching the Scriptures for insight on how to be a better forgiver. Instead, attack directly the root problem and ask God to make you a better lover. I guarantee that once you've mastered loving, the forgiving will follow naturally.

Find These Kings

1. Artaxerxes (Nehemiah 2:1)
2. Augustus (Luke 2:1)
3. Balak (Numbers 22:4)
4. Belshazzar (Daniel 5:1)
5. Bera (Genesis 14:2)
6. Birsha (Genesis 14:2)
7. Cyrus (Daniel 6:28)
8. Darius (Daniel 6:28)
9. Melchizedek (Genesis 14:18)
10. Og (Deuteronomy 3:1)
11. Rezin (Isaiah 7:1)
12. Shalmaneser (2 Kings 17:3)

B O S U I R A D K R
A R T A X E R X E S
L G S U S S G Z D Z
A A U E U E I C E G
C G G S T N K Y Z A
K E T K S A A R I H
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Y O A A G L A S C R
A Z U G U A B R L I
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A Word For The Wise

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V. Ben Kendrick

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But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

John 4:4

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